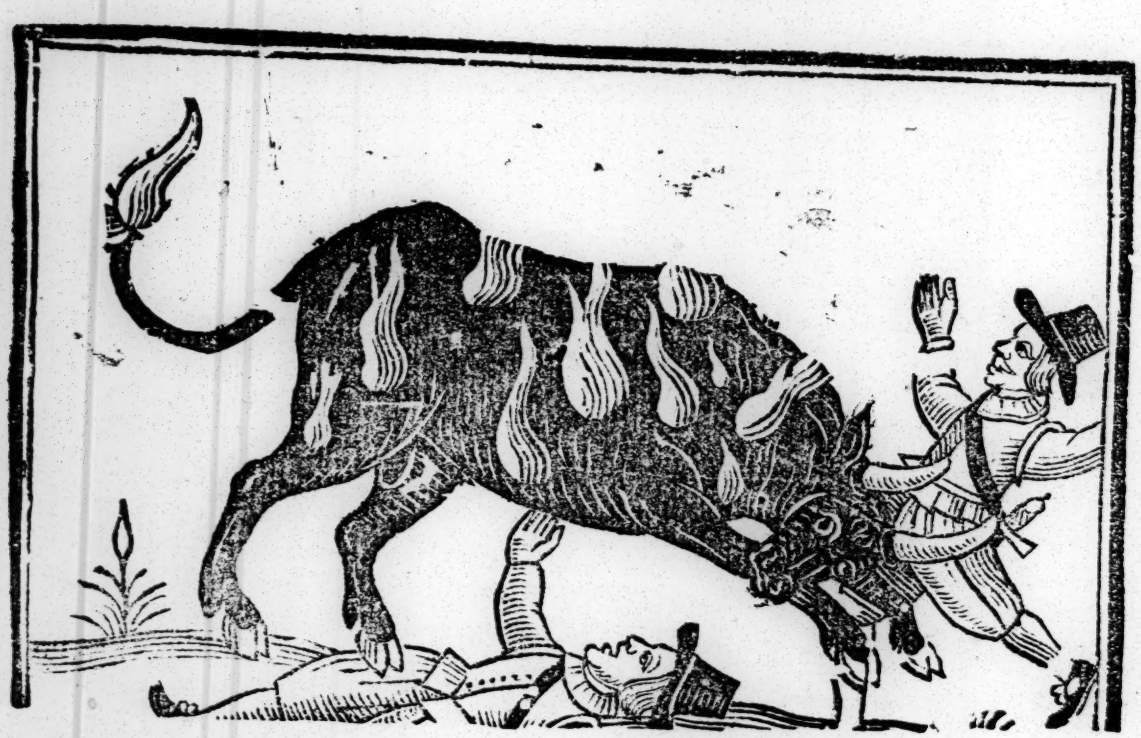
Vol 2d 78

The country-mans lamentation for the death of his cow.

A Country Swain of little wit one day,
Did kill his Cow becauſe ſhe went aſtray:
What's that to I or you, ſhe was his own,
But now the Aſs for his Cow doth moan:
Moſt pineouſly methink he cries in vain,
For now his Cow,s free from hunger, and pain:
What ails the fool to make ſo great o ſtir,
She cannot come to him, he may to her.

To a pleaſant Country Tune, called, Colly my Cow.



LIttle *Tom Dogget*,
what doſt thou mean,
To kill thy poor Colly,
now ſhe's ſo lean:
Sing, Oh poor Colly;
Colly my Cow;
For Colly will give me
no more milk now.
Pruh high, pruh hoe,
Pruh high, pruh hoe,
Pruh, pruh pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh,
Tal dal daw.

I had better have kept her,
till fatter ſhe had been,
For now I confeſs
ſhe's a little too lean:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

First in comes the Tanner,
with his Sword by his ſide;
And he bids me five Shillings,
for my Cows hide:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

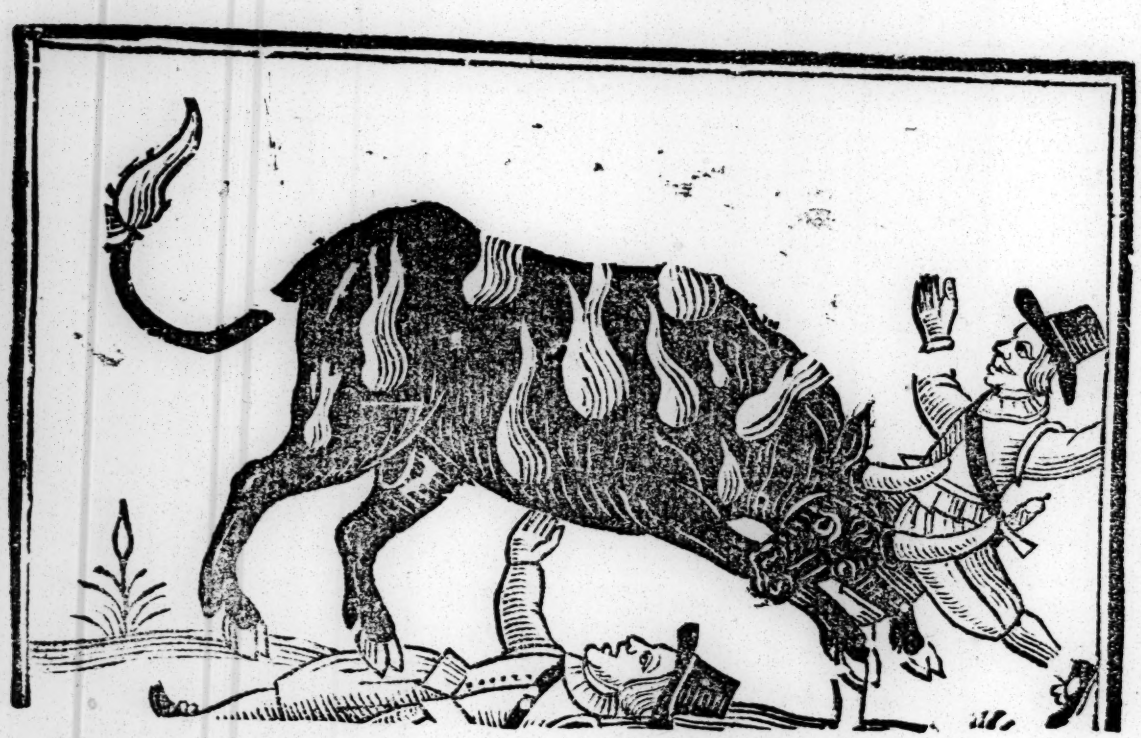
Then in comes the Tallow-chandler,
whoſe brains were but ſhallow,
And he bids me two and Six-pence,
for my Cows Tallow:
Sing, Oh poor Colly,
Colly my Cow,
For Colly will give me
no more milk now:
Pruh high, pruh hoe,
Pruh high and pruh hoe,
Sing, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh pruh,
Tal dal daw.

Vol 2d 78

The country-mans lamentation for the death of his cow.

A Country Swain of little wit one day,
Did kill his Cow becauſe ſhe went aſtray:
What's that to I or you, ſhe was his own,
But now the Aſs for his Cow doth moan:
Moſt pineouſly methink he cries in vain,
For now his Cow,s free from hunger, and pain:
What ails the fool to make ſo great o ſtir,
She cannot come to him, he may to her.

To a pleaſant Country Tune, called, Colly my Cow.



LIttle *Tom Dogget*,
what doſt thou mean,
To kill thy poor Colly,
now ſhe's ſo lean:
Sing, Oh poor Colly;
Colly my Cow;
For Colly will give me
no more milk now.
Pruh high, pruh hoe,
Pruh high, pruh hoe,
Pruh, pruh pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh,
Tal dal daw.

I had better have kept her,
till fatter ſhe had been,
For now I confeſs
ſhe's a little too lean:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

First in comes the Tanner,
with his Sword by his ſide;
And he bids me five Shillings,
for my Cows hide:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the Tallow-chandler,
whoſe brains were but ſhallow,
And he bids me two and Six-pence,
for my Cows Tallow:
Sing, Oh poor Colly,
Colly my Cow,
For Colly will give me
no more milk now:
Pruh high, pruh hoe,
Pruh high and pruh hoe,
Sing, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh pruh,
Tal dal daw.

Then in comes the Huntſman,
ſo early in the morn,
He bid me a Penny
for my Cows horn:
Sing, Oh poor Colly,
Colly my Cow:
For Colly will give me
no more milk now:
Pruh high, pruh hoe,
Pruh high, and pruh hoe, (Pruh
Sing, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh, pruh,
Tal dal daw.

Then in comes the Tripe-woman,
ſo fine and ſo neat,
She bid me three-half-pence
for my Cows feet:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the Butcher,
that nimble-tongu'd youth:
Who ſaid ihe was Carrion,
but he ſpoke not the truth:
Sing, O poor Colly, &c.

This Cow had a skin,
was as ſoft as the ſilk,
And three times a day,
my poor Cow would give milk:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

She every year,
a fine Calf did me bring,
Which fetcht me a pound,
for it came in the Spring:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

But now I have kill'd her,
I can't her recall:
I will ſell my poor Colly,
Hide, Horns, and all:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

The Butcher ſhall have her,
though he gives but a pound:
And he knows in his heart,
that my Colly was ſound:
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

And when he has bought her,
let him ſell all together,
The fleſh for to eat,
and the hide for Leather.
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

Some ſay I'm a Cuckold,
but I'le ſwear I am none,
For how can it be,
now my horns are gone.
Sing, Oh poor Colly, &c.

FINIS